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## The National Centennial Ode.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

### I.—1.

Sun of the stately Day,  
Let Asia into the shadow drift,  
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,  
And over the severing ocean lift  
A brow of broader splendor!  
Give light to the eager eyes  
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise:  
The gladness of morning lend her,  
With the triumph of noon attend her,  
And the peace of the vesper skies!  
For lo! she cometh now  
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,  
Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,  
To smile on the love we bear her—  
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,  
Liberty's latest daughter!  
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,  
We found her traces;  
On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,  
We heard her call;  
When the lines of battle broke,  
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;  
Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,  
We followed, and found her  
With the grace of a virgin Nation  
As a sacred zone around her!  
Who shall rejoice  
With a righteous voice,  
Far-heard through the ages, if not she?  
For the menace is dumb that defied her,  
The doubt is dead that denied her,  
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free!

### II.—1.

Ah, hark! the solemn undertone  
On every wind of human story blown,  
A large, divinely-moulded Fate  
Questions the right and purpose of a State,  
An in its plan sublime  
Our erae are the dust of Time.  
The far-off Yesterday of power  
Creeps back with stealthy feet,  
Invades the lordship of the hour,  
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.  
From all unchronicled and silent ages  
Before the Future first heretofore the Past,  
Till his cry dared at last,  
To write eternal words on granite pages;  
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,  
And where uplifted white and far,  
Earth highest yearns to meet a star.  
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found,—  
Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,  
And still by some pale splendor crowned,  
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,  
In ghostly grandeur rise  
And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes:  
"Thou hast asserted freedom, power and fame,  
Declare to us thy claim!"

### I.—2.

On the shores of a Continent east,  
She won the inviolate soil  
By loss of heidom of all the Past,  
And forth in the royal right of Toil!  
She plant'd homes on the savage sod;  
Into the wilderness lone  
She walked with fearless feet,  
In her hand the divining-rod,  
Till the veins of the mountains beat  
With fire of metal and force of stone!  
She set the speed of the river-head  
To turn the mill's of her bread;  
She drove her ploughshare deep  
Through the prairie's thousand sleep;  
To the South, and West, and North,  
She called Pathfinder forth,  
Her faithful and sole companion,  
Where the flushed Sierra, snowy-starred,  
Her way to the sunset barred,  
And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam  
Channelled the terrible canyon!  
Nor paused, till her uttermost home  
Was built, in the smile of a softer sky,  
And the glory of beauty still to be,  
Where the haunted waves of Asia die  
On the strand of the world-wide sea!

### II.—2.

The race, in conquering,  
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows;  
Whether in veins of serf or king,  
Our ancient blood beats restless to repose.  
Challenge of nature unanxious  
Awaits not man's defiant answer long;  
For hardness, even as wrong,  
Provokes the level-eyed, heroic mood.  
This for herself she did; but that which lies,  
As over earth the skies,  
Blending all forms in one benignant glow,—  
Crowned conscience, tender care,

Justice, that answers every bondman's prayer,  
Freedom where faith may lead or thought may dare,  
The power of minds that know,  
Passion of hearts that feel,  
Purchased by blood and woe,  
Guarded by fire and steel,—  
Hath she secured? What blazon on her shield,  
In the clear century's light  
Shines to the world revealed,  
Declaring nobler triumph, born of right?

### I.—3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,  
Foretold when martyrs bled,  
She was born of the longing of ages,  
By the truth of the noble dead  
And the faith of the living fed!  
No blood in her lightest veins  
Frets at remembered chains,  
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.  
In her form and features still  
The unflinching Puritan will,  
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,  
The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
And the strength of the danger-girdled race  
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.  
From the homes of all, where her being began,  
She took what she gave to Man:  
Justice, that knew no station,  
Relief, as soul decreed,  
Free air for aspiration,  
Free force for independent deed!  
She takes, but to give again,  
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;  
And gathers the chosen of her seed  
From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;  
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;  
Her France pursues some dream divine;  
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;  
Her Italy waits by the western brine;  
And, broad-based under all,  
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
As rich in fortitude  
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!  
Fused in her candid light,  
To one strong race all races here unite.  
Tongues melt in here, hereditary foemen  
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;  
Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;  
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!

### II.—3.

Bow down!  
Doff thine Ælian crown!  
One hour forget  
The glory, and recall the debt:  
Make expiation,  
Of humbler morn,  
For the pride of thine exultation  
O'er peril conquered and strife subdued,  
But half the right is wrested  
When victory yields her prize,  
And half the marrow tested  
When old endurance dies.  
In the sight of them that love thee,  
Bow to the Greater above thee!  
He falleth not to smite  
The idle ownership of right,  
Nor spares to shew fresh from trial,  
And virtue schooled in long denial,  
The tests that wait for thee  
In larger perils of prosperity.  
Here, at the century's awful shrine,  
Bow to thy fathers' God—and thine!

### I.—4.

Behold! she bendeth now,  
Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years:  
There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,  
And in her eyes are sacred tears.

Can she forget,  
In present joy, the burden of her debt,  
When for a captive race  
She grandly staked and won  
The total promise of her power begun,  
And bared her bosom's grace  
To the sharp wound that only tortures yet?  
Can she forget  
The million graves her young devotion set,  
The hands that clasp above  
From either side, in sad, returning love?  
Can she forget,

Here, where the Ruler of to-day,  
The Citizen of to-morrow,  
And equal thousands to rejoice and pray  
Beside these holy walls are met.  
Her birth-cry, mingled of keenest bliss and sorrow?  
Where, on July's immortal morn  
Held forth, the people saw her head  
And shouted to the world: "The King is dead,  
But lo! the Heir is born!"  
When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,  
In Farmer, Soldier, Priest and Sage,  
Arose and cast upon her  
Baptismal garments,—never robes so fair  
Clad prince in Old-World air,—  
Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

### II.—4.

Arise! Recrown thy head,  
Radiant with blessing of the Dead!

Bear from this hallowed place  
The prayer that purifies thy lips,  
The light of courage that defies eclipse,  
The rose of Man's new morning on thy face!  
Let no inconceivable  
Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,  
To make a blank where Adams stood,  
To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,  
Spill crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,  
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood!

Hearken, as from that haunted hall  
Their voices call:  
"We lived and died for thee;  
We greatly dared that thou might'st be;  
So, from thy children still  
We claim denials which at last fulfil,  
And freedom yielded to preserve thee free!  
Beside clear-hearted Right  
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,  
Plant Duties that require,  
And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,  
And stand in stainless might  
Above all self, and only less than God!"

### III.—1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,  
All-proving Post, and each discordance die  
Of doubtful angry.  
Or in one choral with the Present blend,  
And that half-heard, sweet harmony  
Of something nobler than our sons may see!  
Though poignant memories may burn  
Of days that were, and may again return.  
When thy feet foot O Huntress of the Woods,  
The slippery brinks of danger knew,  
And dim the eyesight grew  
That was so sure in thine old solitudes,—  
Yet stays some richer sense  
Won from the mixture of thine elements,  
To guide the vagrant scheme,  
And winnow truth from each conflicting dream!  
Yet in thy blood shall live  
Some force unspent, some essence primitive,  
To seize the highest use of things;  
For Fate, to mould thee in her plan,  
Denied thee foot of kings,  
Withheld the utter and the orchard fruits,  
Fed thee with savage roots,  
And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man!

### III.—2.

O sacred woman-form!  
Of the first People's need and passion wrought,—  
No thin, pale ghost of Thought,  
But fir as Morning and as heart's-blood warm,—  
Wearing thy priestly tunic on Judah's hills;  
Clear-eyed beneath Athens's helm of gold;  
Or from Rome's central seat  
Hearing the pulses of the continents beat  
In thunder where her legions rolled;  
Compact of high heroic hearts and wills  
Whose being circles all  
The selfish aims of men and all fulfill;  
Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;  
Goddess, that as a nation lives,  
And as a nation dies,  
That for her children as a man defies,  
And to her children as a mother gives,—  
Take our fresh fealty now!  
No more a chiefdom, with wampum-zone  
And feather-cinctured brow,—  
No more a new Britannia, grown  
To spread an equal banner to the breeze,  
And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;  
But with unborrowed crest,  
In thine own native beauty dressed,—  
The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own!

### III.—3.

Look up, look forth, and on!  
There's light in the dawning sky;  
The clouds are parting, the night is gone;  
Prepare for the work of the day!  
Fallow thy pastures lie  
And far thy shepherds stray,  
And the fields of thy vast domain  
Are waiting for purer seed  
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,  
For keener sunshine and mellow rain!  
But keep thy garments pure;  
Pluck them back, with the old dida'm,  
From touch of the hands that stain!  
So shall thy strength endure.  
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,  
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,  
Till the bounty of coming hours  
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,  
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!  
Be watchful and keep us so:  
Be strong, and fear no foe;  
Be just, and the world shall know!  
With the same love love us, as we give;  
And the day shall never come  
That finds us weak or dumb  
To join and smite and cry  
In the great task, for thee to die,  
And the greater task, for thee to live!

### The Musical Water-Pest.—Offenbach, etc.\*

[From the German of A. W. AMBROS.]

Motto: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps."—*Hamlet*.

\* \* \* \* While the old Auber's sun was sinking to its rest, without his ceasing to produce, there arose in Paris a German composer (i. e., one accidentally born in Germany), one of the same race with Meyerbeer, a reverse of Goethe's Antonio Montecchino, at whose cradle the Graces had appeared with gifts, though all the other gods seem to have kept away,—a composer, who perhaps did not himself dream at first, that he was destined to become a musical power in the world: JACQUES OFFENBACH.

When his *Orphée aux Enfers* crossed the Rhine, one could laugh heartily, without misgivings, to see Olympus stand upon its head. Who could help being amused when Orpheus, grateful to every God for ridding him of his Euridice, was compelled by the allegorically incarnate "public opinion" to bring her back again out of the lower world? (Offenbach hardly imagined, that in Monteverde's *Orfe* the hero was in like manner accompanied down to Orcus by Hope—*la Speme*!) But *Le Mariage aux Lanternes* showed Offenbach upon the way of Auber. He seems to have abandoned it soon enough. The bottomless corruption of the Second Empire was not served by *Geist* and wit alone; it craved a moral game flavor, the stronger, the better! Offenbach's Comic Muse (or whatever we may call the capricious nature that inspired him) began more and more decidedly to show the grinning faun; and *La belle Hélène* finally struck the key which ever since has been the ruling one for Offenbach and for the *servum pecus imitatorum* who have composed after him.

The Offenbach Operetta—as we must call the whole *genre*, even where he himself is not the composer—this so-called "Operette" began to reign in all the theatres even in Germany; to rob the public of desire for, and even of capacity to relish, things not seasoned with this Spanish pepper; to crowd out everything else, and on all operatic stages, at least in the Comic department, to maintain the monopoly. There is a certain plant, which, where it has once nestled, ineradicably and past help over-spreads with its green mould all the clear water mirrors, in which once the heavens and the stars were mirrored;—it is called (in Germany) *the Water-pest*.†

Offenbach in all places has his public, which knows only him, and only cares to know him. Alfred Meissner once wrote words of weight: "The new industrial relations have created a new society with purely material interests, a society, which nothing warms, but which yields downright profit. Swarms of ordinary men have grown rich in our days, and these flatten down the better circles into which they have crept by means of their money. Such people fill and give the tone to the theatres, where only the commonest tickling of the senses, the insipid farce and hacknied joke have their attraction. Such is the explanation of Jacques

Offenbach, who has long been not the only one in his department, and of much that is kindred to him."

The Offenbach city proper on this side of the Rhine, is Vienna. In many a week of the year 1872, any one who stepped to the corners of the streets to read the theatre bills, could find announced for the Grand Opera some *Mignon* of Thomas; for the Burg-Theater, some drama of Sardou; but, for the Theatres an der Wien, in the Leopoldstadt, and the so-called Strampfer-Theater, three different Operettas by Offenbach. *Vivat German Art*!

The people's theatre, so unique in its way, for which once Raimund wrote his dramatic magic tales, where the witty joke and the glorious, imperishable humor of the old, merry, true-hearted Vienna celebrated its triumphs,—the old theatre in the Leopoldstadt long ago became metamorphosed from the old modest house, whilome Marinelli's, into that sumptuous and showy edifice, the "Karltheater," and is an outworn tradition—although there lurked perhaps more good sound fun in umbrella-maker Staberl and in sergeant Klapperl, than in all modern caricatures together. The peculiar Art temple of the Muse of Offenbach in the beautiful imperial city is the theatre for which Mozart once composed the *Magie Flute*, the Theater-an-der-Wien.

People, who know the ground, assure us that the respectable citizen class of Vienna (and Vienna, thank Heaven, has such a class) has finally withdrawn from the everlasting Offenbach histories. And really one could not, as he looked around on the overflowing house, help thinking of that accusation of Meissner's. The great "Börsenkrach," as they called the financial catastrophe of May 1873 in Vienna, seems to have been the turning point in this too. How they sat there, before the storm scattered them, in long rows, the jobbers well known on the exchange, the millionaire second-hand dealers, the funguses that had shot up overnight out of the bog and marsh of our social relations, the founders and swindlers, the *escrocs* of the money market,—while their wives in silk and satin, laden ridiculously with ornament, costly enormous bouquets beside them, raised their haughty nostrils from their boxes! Vienna has not a single public; it has publics in the plural, from the best and most intelligent down to the worst and most depraved. Where the specifically Offenbach public belongs, we leave it to the reader to determine.

In the year 1872 Offenbach brought to Vienna not less than three novelties: "Fantasio," "La Boule de Neige," and "Le Corsaire Noir."

Among these works, the most significant, if one may speak here of significance,—at all events the most pleasing and of most value musically speaking, is *Fantasio*. Offenbach himself conducted the first performance,—evidently in the best humor, for which indeed he had every reason.

A composer, who has the satisfaction every day, at the street corners of a great and famous musical capital, of reading in colossal letters on the bills of those three different theatres the titles of his newest operatic works; who then

in the evening, can listen to an excellent performance of one of the three works in one of the three theatres, nay, can even conduct the performance himself: and whom the houses, every seat sold, overwhelm with their enthusiastic plaudits,—such a composer has at least no cause to chime in with the old complaint of genius unrecognized, "kept back" and "not appreciated." The striking affinity between the two great capitals of middle Europe, Paris and Vienna, is often enough harped upon; we might add that it is precisely these two cities in which Offenbach in person seeks and finds his triumphs. But Paris begins already to be a little discontented with her musical adopted son; it is well known that the success of *Le Roi Carotte*, in spite of the splendor with which it was put upon the stage, was but a very doubtful one; and a Paris correspondent of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* passed this severe judgment on it: "The Egyptian plague of the last decade was the Muse of Sardou and of Offenbach, was that sensual depravation of taste by which vulgarity has become classic in the theatre."

If Offenbach could pass for the musical embodiment of the Parisian light-heartedness during the second Empire, it would be comprehensible that, after the downfall of the Empire, his star also should begin to pale. But the peculiar good and evil there is in him, is not so easy of description as it might appear: reject him altogether, grant him nothing, and there is nothing gained by that. Offenbach in his music is often truly brilliant, often piquant and bubbling, often amiable, and has a genuine French grace of *tournure*; but on the other hand he is also often enough flighty, empty, light and wanton even to frivolity and looseness. With him we are never sure; now, as a fine talent, he delights us with some really charming melody, depicts some burlesque situation with an irresistible comic power, lets some bold, original conceit flash out, to surprise and dazzle us; but in the next moment he descends to merest jingle, or to a questionably over nice and artificial manner. We are never sure, that after really fine moments we shall not be suddenly annoyed by some sort of an ordinary galopade melody, or by a piece of music, which is no music, or by movements which by their outward and obstreperous vivacity but poorly hide their inward nothingness and hollowness. Offenbach speculates, and with success, upon the peculiarities of our time, but not upon the best and most commendable peculiarities. That luxury and lavish waste of means, which cannot be called tranquillizing symptoms of a period of Art, with him are characteristic. If—to give a definite example—Mozart (whom we have no wish to bring into any parallel with Offenbach!) in his *Figaro* contents himself with a single Cherubino, and invests this form with an indescribable charm of poetry, Offenbach, hand in hand with his librettist, brings upon the stage whole choirs of Cherubinos, whole choirs of pages, where the female chorus must disguise themselves in *tricot* and velvet jackets, as in the *Princesse de Trébizonde*, or in *Fantasio*; and in the last opera the principal and title rôle again is an intensified page's part. In his orchestration also Offenbach never disdains to use the

\* Translated, for this Journal, from: *Neue Blätter* (Neue Folge), Leipzig, 1873.

† In Worcester's Dictionary we find "Water-fennel, a species of conferva which forms beds of entangled filaments on the surface of water."



most super-refined combinations of sound, the overstrained and far-fetched ways of the most modern French orchestra, the "prickly" passages, the coquettish *agaceries*. Listen, for example, to the instrumental prelude of *Fantasio*. The musical texture is as loose as possible, the meaning of the single motives is just nothing; but instead of this we have piquant little twee-dee-dee of the violins, piquant little chit-chat of the wind instruments in abundance; right after places simple to monotony, on purpose, suddenly comes a swarm of tones like ants; sighing and dying pianissimos, which the accidental cough of a neighbor would render inaudible, are followed by ear-splitting explosions.

Meanwhile we often meet in the course of *Fantasio* quite charming mixtures of colors; the horn, the clarinet sing in the sweetest tones; the violins play round them in graceful motion; and even the common drum is once (in an aria of the Prince of Mantua) successfully employed for a comical effect; its *crescendo* roll ushers in admirably the fearful *rimforzatos*, with which the noble prince, in the course of his aria, repeatedly startles the ear of the listening princess. This and other analogous pieces show where Offenbach's original tendency and value lie,—in burlesque musical comedy, in musical caricature,—a caricature which, often enough, is hardly better than a nonsensical exaggeration, a hideous distortion, or any buffoonery (such as a droll fagotto accent); but elsewhere also a musical caricature which shows spirit, wit, and even grace, in spite of the fact that it is caricature. In this sort of comical production the French are masters (recall, for example, the outlines of Grandville, the well known busts of Dantan, etc., etc.) and Offenbach has learned it of them for music. This decided and not to be altogether underrated talent, which Offenbach brought with him from his home, and which he developed in just the fittest place, to-wit Paris, led him also to proceed with a right insight in the choice of his texts, treading the path on which this talent could most brilliantly assert itself.

In comparison with the mad figures capering about in "Blue-Beard," in the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," in the "Princess of Trebizond," Rossini's Doctor Bartolo is a second Cato. In this mad, merry world of caricature, this unchecked carnival of fun, we may shake our heads ever so seriously at times, but we cannot help feeling cheerfully excited, and the complaint we would fain raise is smothered in the inextinguishable laughter into which we break out against our will. So then, after all, these comical vaudevilles have their significance in the history of musical art, which is by no means saying that it is classical music and of lasting worth. Offenbach is an original, and if not precisely laudable and exemplary, yet a remarkable phenomenon in its way. But from his imitators, who are already beginning to pop up here and there, may Heaven preserve us! They have copied not the style, but the deformities of their model. We have no desire to see the noble art of music run to waste in boundless triviality, in utter shallowness and dreary dissipation.

Offenbach, by the peculiar direction of his talent, has moved by preference in the sphere

of parody, and, judging from his reception with the public, with success,—always of course working in good mutual understanding with the authors of his texts. The deities of the ancient world (*Orpheus*), the hero world of Homer (*Helene*), the Arcadian shepherd world (*Daphnis and Chloe*), the mediæval romance (*Genievre de Brabant*), the popular legend (*Bluebeard*), even the specifically Venetian romance (*Bridge of Sighs*), all had to submit to be brought before the mirror of caricature and grin at us with comical grimaces. The matter is not so innocent and unobjectionable as it appears. All subjects, of which artists have heretofore availed themselves, in which they have sought their ideals, are here brought to the *reductio ad absurdum*; it is as if Mephisto mockingly smiled at us in the elegant mask of a "modern man," and asked us: whether all the rubbish of the Antique and the Romantic is, after all, worth anything. Dante's *Divina Commedia* Offenbach has not yet parodied, but who knows what may happen? And then what will be left, when such a *tabula rasa* has been made? The jubilant *Cancan*, flinging up its heels with shouts to heaven, to which others lift their arms in reverence;—or, it may be, as the last residuum, the final "positif," *La Vie Parisienne*, which in fact Offenbach has also composed!

[To be Continued.]

### The Boston Art Museum.

#### FORMAL OPENING OF THE COMPLETED WING.

[From the Daily Advertiser, July 4.]

One of the most significant of the events which mark the constant development of public appreciation of the fine arts in this community was the formal opening of the Museum of Fine Arts, in the completed wing of the building yesterday noon. The exercises were simple and appropriate, consisting solely of brief speeches by the Hon. Martin Brimmer, his honor Mayor Cobb, Dr. Samuel Eliot and C. C. Perkins, esq. There was present a small company of ladies and gentlemen numbering not more than two hundred, who both before and after the speeches examined the collections and the interior with apparent interest. In the remarks printed in full below will be found a complete history of the institution, and a full description of the collections assembled. The exterior is unique in the architecture of the city, and is constructed mainly of brick with terra-cotta ornaments, the latter being used as a building material for the first time in this country. The ornamentation is quite profuse and prominent. The most noticeable piece of terra-cotta is a large bas-relief representing the genius of Art, and the heads of the celebrated artists and patrons of art in high-relief occupy rondels between the windows. The whole building, of which the wing already finished is only one-seventh, is on the plan of a double hollow square, 300 feet long by 210 wide, with two court yards 55 by 86 feet in area. The rooms now ready for use are a series of basement apartments for the curator, janitor, committees and other purposes; a large room for the sculptures on the first floor; the picture-gallery; a room for the bronzes, textiles and porcelains, for the Lawrence collection and for the Gray collection of engravings. The east-room is painted a very light gray, and is lighted from the side. The color of the terra-cotta on the exterior is very nearly repeated in the tone of the walls of the staircase hall and the picture-gallery, and the light seems everywhere good, and especially in the picture-gallery, where there is a double skylight. Ventilation in this room is secured by perforated ornamentation, which communicates with an air space above and again with the exterior through the upper windows. The collections are arranged with care and fill the building well. One of the objects of the Museum, as stated in the "Act of Incorporation," is "to provide opportunities and means for giving instruction in drawing, painting, modelling and designing, with their industrial applications, through lectures, practical schools and a model library, and of affording instruction in the fine arts." The trustees have to obtain subscriptions to enable them to carry out these important projects. Ad-

mission to the museum will be free on Saturday, and on other days the admission will be twenty-five cents.

#### THE PROCEEDINGS.

The company was called to order at noon. The first speaker was the Hon. Martin Brimmer, who spoke as follows:—

#### REMARKS OF THE HON. MARTIN BRIMMER.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—In behalf of the trustees of the Museum I welcome you to its rooms. I congratulate you that Boston has, at last a building devoted to the fine arts—a building mainly incomplete, and very far from adequate in size,—but, we trust, well adapted to its purposes, and filled with works interesting and instructive.

Let me recall to you in a few words the origin and history of this undertaking. In 1869 the late Colonel T. B. Lawrence left to the Boston Athenæum a valuable collection of armor and arms, which he had long been engaged in obtaining; but the Athenæum had no means to exhibit it in a suitable way, and Mr. Lawrence offered the sum of \$25,000 towards the erection of the building for that purpose. At the same time, the American Social Science Association was considering the means of obtaining for Boston a collection of plaster casts of the best sculptors. It was proposed to combine the two plans, and soon the scheme of establishing a museum of larger proportions was put forward, and met with such favor that it was determined to undertake it. The Athenæum, cramped for want of room, readily offered the use of its collections; Harvard College, the possessor of a collection of engravings made by the late Francis C. Gray, welcomed the opportunity to make them more accessible to the public; the trustees of the public library and the Institute of Technology promised their co-operation. A charter was obtained from the legislature, and a board of trustees organized under it. The first need of the new corporation—that of land to be built upon—had been already provided for. By the exertions of a few gentlemen who anticipated the future want of the Water Power Company had been induced to convey to the city of Boston this piece of ground to be used for an institute of fine arts, and the city council of Boston, having confidence in the permanence and the usefulness of the proposed museum, granted the land to the trustees upon condition that it be appropriated for the public interest. After an open competition and careful consideration, the trustees selected plans for the building, prepared by Messrs. Sturges and Brigham; an appeal was made to the public for funds, which was generously responded to, and within a year from the organization or a little more than a year from the organization of the museum, about \$250,000 had been subscribed. It was hoped that this sum would be considerably increased, but some unfortunate events succeeding each other, the Chicago fire, which turned the liberality of the public in that direction, and later the Boston fire and the subsequent depression in business, prevented a renewal of the effort. The size of that portion of the building which it was proposed to erect at first had to be curtailed, and some delay was incurred in filling this part of it. In opening it to the public now we are painfully reminded of the loss by the great fire of the Lawrence arms, which we hoped would be its most striking ornament, but still there is very much we can congratulate ourselves on possessing. Besides the Athenæum collection and the Gray engravings we have a collection of Egyptian antiquities, given by Mr. Way, and the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Sumner. With the proceeds of the sale of a portion of these which was wisely provided for by Mr. Sumner, an excellent collection of casts has been bought. These, with many other gifts and purchases of value, enable us to offer to the public an exhibition which we trust you will not find unworthy. We cannot, of course, compare this collection with those important museums of Europe, but we may remark that those too had a beginning and some of them a less promising beginning than ours.

Our needs are obvious. We need funds to complete the whole front of the building, which would require not a very formidable sum; we need funds to add to the collections in many of the departments. These are our most pressing wants, but we hope some day that the museum will have an endowment which will allow its doors to be open to the public free of charge, not one day only, but on every day of the week, and we have the fullest confidence that this community, alive to the value of a great collection of art, will generously provide for the rapid growth and for the free use of this museum.

*Ladies and gentlemen,*—Our greatest benefactor is the city of Boston. I am sure you will be glad to hear from its chief magistrate words of welcome and of encouragement. Allow me to present His Honor Mayor Cobb. [Applause.]

#### ADDRESS OF MAYOR COBB.

*Mr. President:*—I congratulate you and your associates, the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, on having arrived at such a stage in your noble enterprise, that you are prepared to receive us in this beautiful structure, with your art treasures around and before us, and ready to be exhibited to the whole public. The city has done all that could perhaps be properly expected of it, as a corporation, in providing the land and putting its surroundings in order. The rest has all been done by the never-failing munificence of her private citizens. It is a splendid beginning,—for I suppose you regard it as only the beginning of an institution which I have no doubt is to become the pride and the delight of our city. This building, though not insignificant, is but a segment

of that which is intended to stand here; and your collections, already copious and beautiful, are but an earnest of what you expect the coming years to show.

It is the nature of such an institution to grow. In an appreciative community, which we flatter ourselves ours is, it cannot fail to grow rapidly and luxuriantly. It will furnish the useful inspiration and guidance to the artistic genius which is sure to appear here and there among the multitudes of a large city, and which needs but the fitting influence to secure its development and open its path to fame and fortune.

It will be a favorite resort of the cultured few who find a supreme delight in the finer creations of art. And, what is most important, all classes of our people will derive benefit and pleasure from barely looking upon objects that appeal to the sense of the beautiful. Even the least favored and least cultivated of persons cannot fail to derive some refining and elevating influences from the sight of beautiful things. Beauty no less than wisdom has an educating and uplifting power. We may well regard this museum, together with our public library, as the crown of our educational system. [Applause.]

Dr. Samuel Eliot was the next speaker. The text of his address was the value of the museum as a means of education.

ADDRESS BY DR. SAMUEL ELIOT.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—I am glad that his honor the mayor, in the remarks which he has made at the opening of this institution, should speak of it as the crown of our educational systems. The value and the importance of this museum are not to be measured by that one word "museum." Every museum, every museum of fine arts particularly, is not only a museum, but a school,—a school in which some of the best and noblest faculties of our nature find their daily, their yearly, their constant claim. In such a building as this, surrounded by these objects, so much beauty in themselves, so much beauty in their associations, we find the power to attract, which must always be the first power in every means of education. Here we have not only outward form and outward beauty to win our minds and hearts; but we have what lies beneath, the inward feeling, the depth of expression, the aspiration of all that is noble and true which have animated these brushes and the chisels, represented by the easels below, in long gone generations. We come into such a presence as this, and there is something which draws out from every responsive fibre of our nature a longing, a love and a delight which it would be vain for me to attempt to express; and it is not only power to attract that will make this institution forever, as I trust, memorable among the educational institutions of Boston; it is the power to hold after the attraction has once been felt. Here are forms which have proved their power for hundreds, some of them for thousands of years. Here are truths expressed in form, outline, color, which have been proved capable of moulding the minds and purposes of generation after generation; and here they speak to us, here they speak to our children. When the poet Rogers went to the monastery of Padua and saw on the wall before him a painting representing "The Last Supper," he looked up to it and asked of the monk who accompanied him into the room something of its story, and the monk, after he had told him what the picture was said, "Thirty or forty years I have been an inmate of this monastery, and from that wall these figures have looked down upon me and upon my brethren. Most of them are gone; those whom I knew here when I first came are now in another world; these remain the same and I have thought again and again as I looked upon their unchanging presence and felt what they have to tell me how they all bid me live. I have felt that we are the shadows that pass away." These forms here, and those that are scattered all about this building, and those which will be multiplied here after this building is completed, they will be the realities, and we who have begun this enterprise, and they who take it up and carry it forward, will be the shadows that pass away. Let us make the most of this great educational power; let us cherish it and use it and extend it until the Museum of Fine Arts shall be even more than any single school, more than any single university even to this city and to the whole Commonwealth, because in it are kindred resources and gifts of so many years. [Applause.]

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, who was introduced as one of the earliest promoters of the museum, then spoke as follows:—

REMARKS OF CHARLES C. PERKINS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The president of the board of trustees of this Boston Museum of Fine Arts has deputed me as its honorary director to declare it open from this day forth, and to bid you and all future comers welcome. It is with no slight feeling of pleasure that I now discharge this duty; nor is it without a more than ordinary amount of emotion, for the day of fulfillment has come after many days of hope, and it is a day which, as marking an epoch in the partial accomplishment of a great enterprise in which my interest has been deep, has brought more to pass than could reasonably have been anticipated by those of us who started it six years ago.

That the opening of the new museum building should take place in the Centennial year, and that the public should be first admitted to it on the 4th of July of that year, seems to me ominous of success and singularly

appropriate, for it is, to some extent, a national event. It may be called so if considered in its possible influences for good upon people of all classes and professions, and especially may it be called so in this country, where we have had as yet but scant opportunity to feel the influences which radiate from fine collections of works of art. This museum is a place dedicated to the enjoyment and profitable instruction of all who enter it. Already it contains much that is precious, much that is of high interest; and yet this building, with its contents, is but the sixth part of what it will be when the whole quadrangle is completed, with its two great courts, capable of containing casts of colossal statues and architectural fragments; when its picture gallery is doubled in size; when its schools of art are established and in operation; when, in short, it has grown to be a rival, as we hope it will, of the great industrial museums of Kensington and Vienna. If such are its probabilities, ladies and gentlemen, we may, without exaggeration, call the opening of our museum a matter of national importance, for who can tell how many from all parts of our great republic may here be led by gentle influences to aspire, and by contemplating the works of art here gathered together, may be taught upon them "as stairs to climb" to higher and nobler results than they would otherwise have attained. To this will come the "myriad sons of toil" for relaxation and refreshment; the archaeologist to study ancient monuments and inscriptions; the painter to find material for the backgrounds of his pictures, and stuffs for the robes of his fair sitters; the designer to take hints for patterns from mediæval brocades and Oriental enamels, and porcelain; the poet, to take inspiration from masterpieces of art; the musician, to seek fresh ideas for melodious utterance. Many men of many minds will come here looking for that which they need, and will gratefully remember those who helped to create this museum. May I ask you to listen to me a few moments while I briefly relate the history of its foundation and of its growth up to its present condition. Six years ago next October, a few gentlemen met in the rooms of the Social Science Association to take the first steps which resulted in the foundation of an incorporated institution, administered by a board of trustees composed of these prime movers in the matter, and of persons annually chosen to represent Harvard University, the Institute of Technology, the Lowell Institute, the Public Library and the Athenæum.

By these happily-adopted relations we have secured the perpetual interest of these literary and scientific bodies, and have raised the museum upon solid foundations which cannot be shaken. A movement was immediately set on foot to obtain subscriptions through meetings calculated to arouse the interest of public-spirited persons. At these meetings the importance of the undertaking was eloquently urged by many influential persons, some of whom are present here to-day, with a success which warranted active measures. The city gave us the land on which to build; plans were offered by many architects of repute, and those of Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham having been accepted, that portion of the building in which we are now assembled was commenced.

It was within the possibilities of any rich and liberal community to erect a handsome and suitable building; but to fill it worthily, which is a much more important matter, might have been impossible without a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. It is not the building which makes the museum, but the works of art which find place in it. You see before you what these are and if you examine many of them carefully and intelligently you will agree with me that to have obtained some of them at all, and all without spending a dollar of the money given by our subscribers, is little short of miraculous. Take, for instance, the Egyptian room, which, although the export of antiquities from Egypt has been put a stop to by the government, and now that pseudo-Egyptian objects are manufactured by the thousand at Birmingham and elsewhere, has been filled with a collection of genuine, rare and most interesting objects. Our good fortune did not stop with the original gift of the Way collection by Mr. Charles G. Way, which consisted for the most part of small objects. To make it complete we needed some examples of sculpture on a large scale, and those which we could, perhaps, never have procured, were found, not on the banks of the Nile, whence they would have gone to swell the treasure of the Boulay Museum, but here in our very midst at Waltham and Roxbury, waiting until the time should come, Mr. John Ambrose Lowell, Miss Lowell and the heir of Mr. Frank Lowell could generously bestow them upon us with a certainty that they would be appreciated. This rising tide of our good fortune ebbed somewhat when the flames destroyed the Lawrence armor, which I was to have been our chief ornament; but we have reason to hope that the loss of these precious things will be in some measure made up to us by the purchase of objects of another class, of an even greater educational value. The Lawrence room can indeed never be what it would have been had the disaster not occurred, but thanks to the way in which it has been decorated with the carved oak panels of Henry VIIIth time, given by Mrs. Lawrence, it is not only beautiful, but unique on our side of the water. The bequest of Charles Sumner continued the succession of benefactions to the museum, for without it we should not have been able to purchase the greater part of the excellent casts of antique statues which you have admired in the sculpture galleries. One more cast, and that the finest, will soon be added to this collection,—a full size cast of the Portico of the Caryatides at Athens, given by Mr. George B. Dow, and not his only gift. I can only briefly allude to the ancient pottery given by

Mr. Appleton and Mr. Dixwell, which with that bought from General Cosada by a number of subscribers has made it possible for us to exhibit specimens of fictile art covering a period of time from about 1000 to 100 B.C. The tapestries loaned by Mr. Hovey, and the exquisite piece of arras of the XVth century, lent by Signor Castellani, the gifts of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Kidder, Mr. Brimmer and Mr. Wales together with the porcelains and cloisonné enamels and jades contributed to our present exhibition by other kind friends, must not go unmentioned; nor could I without special ingratitude forget to refer to the admirable Gray collection of engravings, sent to us by Harvard College, with the consent and approbation of Mr. William Gray, and also to the Limoges enamels, the pictures, casts and statues which we have been allowed to bring hither from the Athenæum. The trustees of the museum owe this public expression of their gratitude, which I take it upon myself to make, to the trustees of the Athenæum, who have never failed in their generous support of the museum. All that they had of value in the way of art objects they placed at our disposal. Even the precious portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, which would alone make this museum a shrine to be visited by all patriotic Americans, were not withheld. Nor is this all; for five years they have allowed us to occupy their picture-gallery without price, as a cradle in which we could nurse our growing infant until it had become too large to be confined within such narrow bounds. Thanks to them and to all who have in any way aided us in a work which has now reached a not unworthy status. That it may continue to increase in quality even more than quantity as years roll on, is a wish in which you will, I know, heartily join. Having, I fear, seriously trespassed upon your patience, and much exceeded the time allotted to me by our judicious pre-liding officer, I now only remain to me, ladies and gentlemen, to do that for which I came before you, namely, to declare this Boston Museum of Fine Arts open, and while I do so to express the hope that the next Centennial year may find it in a condition of prosperity, with possibilities of usefulness to this community even greater than those which its founders desire for it.

The proceedings then closed.

### Music in Belgium.

[The initials appended to the following letter, printed last month in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, London, will be familiar to some of our older musical Bostonians. They are those of a former British Consul in this city, who made many friends here, and was one of our most zealous and most cultivated amateurs in music.—Mr. Edmund Grattan (the younger), now representing her Majesty's government in the same capacity at Antwerp.]

Whilst Brussels has been enjoying during the past season the usual series of admirable *Conservatoire* concerts, under the able direction of M. Gevaert, M. Fétis's successor, besides the interesting *séances* of classical chamber music provided by Messrs. Brassin and Servais, the provinces have had no cause to be dissatisfied with the musical advantages and opportunities offered to them. The votaries of Euterpe in Ghent have been singularly fortunate in having now amongst them, as director of their *Conservatoire*, M. Ad. Samuel, the late experienced conductor of the Brussels Popular Concerts; and Antwerp has been specially favored by the recent production in that famed old city of two musical novelties of considerable interest in their respective departments of art. Of these, the first, to which I propose to refer, is the performance of a grand MS. Concerto, with full orchestral accompaniments for the violoncello, composed by the great violinist Henri Vieuxtemps, and executed with great success by M. Joseph Servais, under the direction of the composer himself, at the Concert of the *Société Royale d'Harmonie* on the 23d of last month. The other, of which I shall speak afterwards, consists in an Overture and other incidental music composed for the drama of *Charlotte Corday*, by M. P. Benoit, Director of the Antwerp School of Music.

Amateurs of the violoncello are aware that the *répertoire* of classical solos for that instrument is comparatively limited, in consequence, partly, of the inherent difficulties presented by the instrument itself, and that of real concertos proper there have been but few since Romberg's, which are now considered, in a great measure, out of date, and are rarely performed in public. Rubinstein, St. Saëns, and Schumann have, it is true, written concertos for the violoncello; but the appearance of a work of this description by M. Vieuxtemps—who, himself a composer of world-wide reputation, possesses, also, as an executant of the highest order, the greatest possible experience of strined instruments and of their capabilities, could hardly fail to excite very great interest and attention.

A majestic Allegro forms the first movement. This is followed by a charming and beautifully harmonized *Andante con moto*, after which comes, in due course, a sparkling Rondo in M. Vieuxtemps' best style, full of brilliant and effective passages. The whole is so artistically composed as to bring



*Recit.* *COMALA.*  
*poco lento.* *pp*

my hopes, my fond dreams are all de-part ed, yes, all! . . .

.....

*Ped* \* *Ped* \*

DESSAGRENA. Narrating.)  
*Andantino.*

See! yonder sits Co - ma-la, and gaz - es in - to the vale where they were

marching; Sor - row and doubt her eye doth sad - den.

*Animato.*

Come, come, Me-li - co - ma, and strive with your song..... to cheer her

*Animato.*

MELICOMA *ad lib.*

spir - - it. So let us then sing her a

*rit.*

song of Fin-gal's ex - - ploits, till e - cho come from the hills of Mor - -

*rit.*

ven.

*mf* *rit.*

## No. 5.

## BALLAD.

*Andante.*

Dersagrena.

1. From Lochlin came to bat - tle, Sua-  
 2. The storm raged over the moun - tain, The  
 3. As sinks the moon in the wa - ters, So

Piano-Forte.

ran, the haugh - ty knight; O - ver the roll - ing bil - low, On  
 storm raged o - ver the plain; Sua - ran, in jew - ell'd ar - mor,  
 sank be-reft of life, The king, his blood fast flow - ing, And

Mor - ven's plain to light, For Fingal's life - blood thirsting, He  
 Sought the brave king of Mor - ven, High on the mountain, all arm - ed Stood  
 bit - ter - ly rued the strife, They fled like deer o'er the meadow, Pur -

*un poco rit.*

vow'd re-venge to take, And came for land and scep-tre, With him the lance to  
Fin-gal, a flash in the night; Came king Su-a-ran to meet him, All ready was he to  
sued by the huntsman bold; For there in his jewelled ar - mor Lay he all dead and

*mf* *p* *un poco rit.*

*fz*

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.  
DERSAGRENA with CHORUS.

*mf*

break. *dim.* *p*  
fight. . . . .  
cold. . . . .

MELICOMA.

*mf*

O hear'st thou, Co - mala, what Fingal hath done ?

SOPRANO II. SOLO.

*mf*

O hear'st thou,

*mf*

*mf*



into prominent relief the best effects of the melodious instrument for which it is written, and violoncell players have reason to feel most grateful to M. Vieuxtemps for so fine a work as he has produced. M. Servais' playing was magnificent. Though quite a young man, he has followed closely upon the footsteps of his father, the late M. F. Servais, the founder, it may be said, of the most recent school of violoncello playing, possessing all the best qualities of that distinguished artist—a splendid tone, a style of bowing alike elegant and vigorous, besides the most complete mastery over all the mechanical difficulties of the instrument.

The music of *Charlotte Corday* derives considerable interest from the fact that M. Benoit is one of the leaders of a movement which has sprung up of late years in the Flemish Provinces of Belgium, the object of which is the promotion or encouragement of a local school of literature and art, the play in question being written in the Flemish language and having been performed during the last season at the new National (Flemish) Theatre, the rival to the *Théâtre Royale*, where the performances are conducted in French. Notwithstanding his claim to occupy a somewhat distinctive position on this account, it must be said that M. Benoit's works—which include two oratorios, "Lucifer" and the "Orology"—are largely flavored with the modern German or Wagner element, and in his music to *Charlotte Corday* he is accused of having drawn heavily upon the last-named composer for his effects, if not actually for his inspirations. Admitting this to a certain extent, we cannot but say that his compositions show considerable talent and originality. The overture of *Charlotte Corday* is especially interesting, from the attempt made in it to typify—as far as this can be done by music—the troubled period, in which the incidents of the drama are laid. Its principal subject in theme is a combination of the *Marseillaise* and of the popular Revolutionary air "ça ira," woven together with much ingenuity, the bold and startling character of the orchestral effects which succeed each other producing in truth a strong impression. In its wild and confused utterances the orchestra really seems at times to breathe forth the tumultuous passions of that fearful epoch. "But this is not music," say some of the critics. "It is neither harmonious nor pleasing." No! but was the Reign of Terror harmonious or pleasing?

The most difficult achievement in music is believed to be the invention or production of melodies expressing calm and tender sentiments; but should we be justified in placing much lower in the scale the efforts of those, whose genius leads them to the interpretation of the more vehement emotions of the soul, in which the modern school so largely deals?

E. G.

"AIDA" IN LONDON. This showy opera, which Verdi wrote for the Viceroy of Egypt, was lately given for the first time in England at Covent Garden. *Figaro* says of it:

Some attempt has been made in those reports of foreign performances which have reached this country to credit Signor Verdi with a more or less slavish adherence to the theories of Herr Wagner. It should at once be stated that such ideas are totally erroneous. That "Aida" is cast in a far more ambitious mould than is "La Traviata," is certain; but the assertion that the influence of Wagner can be traced in it to any appreciable extent will not bear analysis. So poverty-stricken a poem as that supplied by M. du Locle could not possibly be amalgamated with the music; we have plenty of the "Siren melodies," and the "dance-forms" which Wagner so heartily despises; and, although there is less of that "objectionable juxtaposition of absolute recitatives and absolute arie" to which Wagner objects, and more independence in the instrumentation, and less using of the orchestra "as a gigantic guitar," than is usual in Verdi's operas, "Aida" is yet formed exclusively upon the recognized Italian model. That Signor Verdi has paid some deference to the exigencies of art in that he has given the chief singers few absolute solos, and fewer still of arie in which they may display the special agility or the compass of their voices, cannot be denied; but that it can be recognized as the starting point of a new school of thought, or that it will hereafter be deemed anything but an amplified and highly-finished specimen of the later Italian school, it would be impossible to affirm. Herr Wagner scornfully says that in Italian opera interesting arie must interrupt the conversation at least six times, but a

composer who is able to fix the attention of his audience for a whole dozen of times is praised as an inexhaustible melodic genius. Signor Verdi has, perhaps, remembered this taunt, and has behaved with commendable self-restraint. Yet, if he have given his prima donna very few pretty tunes upon which she may exercise her voice, he has revelled in his finales and in his part songs—when they are not too dull to be interesting—in some of the most Verdi-ish and un-Wagnerite of melodies. In the first act Radamés has a love-song, the far-famed "Celeste Aida," while Aida has a lengthy solo, in which she tells of her love for her father, and prays the gods that her parent may be restored to her; but in the finale to this act (at Covent Garden, for scenic considerations, made an act of itself), the music written for the great scene of the consecration is, on the whole, almost trivial. The glittering show is a fine one, but in this scene, which should have been a strong one, no question of high art is involved. So, again, in the second act, the chorus of the waiting women of Amneris is frivolous, and the dance of Moorish slaves so utterly pantomimic and out of place, that it was warmly hissed by a minority in the galleries. The great and lengthy duet between Amneris and Aida is, however, cast in a more ambitious mould, and there is some attempt at a genuine dramatic effect at the point where the haughty princess seeks to deceive her slave in order to discover the secret of her love, and where the slave—a king's daughter—for an instant as proud as her rival, sinks at the royal feet and begs for pardon. When the soldiers enter there is some more attempt at tawdry grandeur, but the introduction of the Egyptian trumpets, on which the most trivial of airs is played, can only be considered a gross pandering to sensationalism. The third act is indisputably the strongest, in a musical sense, in the opera, containing as it does the Prayer and Romance of Aida, and the highly dramatic duets between Aida and her father and between the Ethiopian and her lover. In a dramatic sense, the fourth act is powerfully conceived, and when—the stage being divided latitudinally in twain—Aida, sinks to the earth in her voluntary tomb, and Radamés, bending over her, hears in the Temple above, the priests singing hymns and the dancers executing sacred dances, while the remorseful Amneris, in their midst, sinks on the stone which has closed the living tomb of her affianced husband, the effect is indisputably fine.

The performance on the part of the orchestra was a good, and on the part of the chorus a fair, one, the mise-en-scène being of the most elaborate, if occasionally a somewhat tawdry sort, and the stage management being quite adequate. No praise can also be too high for the representative of Aida—Madame Adelina Patti—and the great cantatrice has rarely worked more heartily, nor with more self-restraint for the sake of art or for the success of the opera. Mdlle. Gindele, too, a mezzo-soprano recently imported from Italy, was an excellent vocal and dramatic Amneris. But for the rest of the cast little can be said, except by way of apology. Signor Graziani's voice is not what it was twenty-one years ago, when he made his debut at Covent Garden as Carlo, in Signor Verdi's "Ernani," and, though he sang and acted with his habitual earnestness, his Amonasro left a good deal to be desired. The tremulous Signor Nicolini made but a weak Radamés, M. Feitlinger was but a poor king, while Signor Capponi, as Ramphis, upheld the credit of operatic high priests, by singing pretty persistently out of tune. A special word of praise must, however, be awarded to Mdlle. Bianchi, who sang the music of the High Priestess, in the great consecration scene in the Temple of Vulcan, and who consented to take so small a part in order to complete the cast, but who was not rewarded for her generosity by seeing her name in the programme books. The spectators left the theatre wondering whether "Aida" would ever be as popular as "Il Trovatore," but a comparison between the two is impossible. "Aida," written in Verdi's most grandiloquent style, depends chiefly upon its gorgeous mise-en-scène, and, so long as this is preserved, and Madame Patti retains her part, its success is assured. But it appeals to the eye, and not to the heart: its leading feature is glittering sensationalism, its li breto teaches no new lesson of morality, and, indeed, points no moral at all, except that the fact that two women simultaneously loving one man makes it terribly inconvenient for the object of the dual affection, while the music has no decided individuality, save that which Sig. Verdi has so often shown us. It resembles his Requiem Mass far more than it does his "La Traviata," and yet, with

a delightful disregard of historical propriety, the composer places in the mouths of his Egyptian priests music which would not be unsuited to the Roman Catholic Church. As the brilliant audience at midnight slowly filed out of the Royal Italian Opera House, they found, opposite the Royal Opera Hotel, a miserable street beggar, distending his cheeks and warbling on the cornet the melody of "Il balen del suo sorriso," as if in mockery to show how greatly the Verdi of to-day differs from the Verdi of twenty-three years ago.

BERLIN. From a work just published in the Prussian capital, and entitled, *Statistischer Rückblick auf das königliche Theater in Berlin, während des fünfundsanzigjährigen Zeitraums der Verwaltung des Herrn von Hülsen, vom 1. Juni, 1851, bis 1. Juni, 1876* (A statistical retrospect of the Theatres Royal, Berlin, during the five-and-twenty years of Herr von Hülsen's Management, from the 1st June, 1851, to the 1st June, 1876), we learn the following facts. The number of persons connected with the above theatre was, on the 1st June, 1851, 446; while on the 1st June, 1876, it was 518. The dramatic and operatic companies, including the chorus of 189, are now increased to 206. Within the period named 238 dramatic "stars" or "guests" have given 1,132 dramatic performances; 469 operatic ditto, 1,846; and 73 Terpsichorean ditto, 272. There were 461 novelties and 329 revivals. The total number of performances in the Theatre Royal were 6,320; and in the Royal Operahouse, 6,227; making a total of 12,547. That classical works have been duly represented, satisfactory proof is afforded by the *Retrospect*. There were 3,796 performances of such works, 2,477 dramatic, and 1,319 operatic; that is, an average of 150 every year. Shakespeare is represented by 23 pieces and 880 performances; Mozart, by 8 operas and 460 performances; Schiller, who follows Shakespeare in the list of classic poets, by 15 pieces and 615 performances; Göthe, 9 pieces and 327 performances; Lessing, 4 pieces and 276 performances. Among classical composers, Weber comes next to Mozart, with 4 operas and 350 performances. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was played 89 times; Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, 103; Göthe's First Part of *Faust*, 115; Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, 112; Mozart's *Don Juan*, 149; Weber's *Der Freischütz*, 174; and Beethoven's *Fidelio*, 148.

BIELEFELD. The Second Westphalian Musical Festival proved very successful. The charming site, the Johannisberg, where the performances took place, with the fine view extending to the Teutoburger Forest and the Hermann Monument, render Bielefeld extraordinarily well suited for such festivals, and the interest taken in the latest by the public was proportionately great. The chorus numbered 218 members, and the orchestra 53, making, with the soloists, a total of 277. The programme comprised on the first day: the overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, Beethoven; and the oratorio of *Josua*, Handel. The pieces on the second day were: overture to *Der Freischütz*, Weber; air from *Iphigenia*, Gluck, and "Liebeslied," from *Die Walküre*, Wagner (sung by Herr Lederer, of Bremen); *Schicksalslied* for Chorus and Orchestra, Brahms; G major Romance, Beethoven, and three Hungarian Dances for violin (played by Herr Barth, from Münster); Songs, Schumann and Brahms (Mdlle. Assmann, of Berlin); D minor Symphony, Schumann; Songs from Scheffel's *Trompeter* (composed and sung by Herr Henschel, of Berlin); Songs, Haydn and Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Sartorius, of Cologne); and the Finale to *Loreley*, Mendelssohn. The festival was under the direction of Herr Nachtmann.

THE *Trovatore* directs attention to a contrast. Comparing what was done in the course of one and the same week at five leading European Operahouses, it finds that from the 4th to the 11th June, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, the performances were: on the 4th, Kreutzer's *Nachfolger von Granada*; on the 5th, *Der Freischütz*; on the 6th, the ballet of *Flick und Flock*; on the 7th, nothing; on the 8th, *Guillaume Tell*; on the 9th, *Oberon*; on the 10th, nothing; and on the 11th *Czaar und Zimmerrmann*. At the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, on the 6th, *La Part du Diable*; on the 7th, *L'Africaine*; on the 8th, Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*; on the 9th, the same composer's *Reine de Saba*; on the 10th, the ballet of *Spühfeuer*; and on the 11th, *La Part du Diable*. At the Royal Italian Opera,

Covent Garden, on the 3rd, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Signore D'Angeri, Scalchi, Bianchi, Signori Bolis and Graziani; on the 5th, *Lohengrin*, with Signore Albani, D'Angeri, Signori Carpi, Cotogni, etc.; on the 6th, *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Signore Patti, Bianchi, Ghiotti, Cottino, Signori Bettini, Maurel, Ciampi; on the 7th, *L'Africaine*, with Signore D'Angeri, Bianchi, Signori Graziani, Bagaglio, Capponi, Tagliafico, etc.; on the 8th, *Dinorah*, with Signore Patti, Cottino, Scalchi, Signori Marini, Capponi, Sabatier, and Graziani; on the 9th, *Tannhäuser*, with Signore Albani, D'Angeri, Cottino, Signori Carpi, M. Maurel, etc.; and on the 10th, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Signore Zaré Thalberg, Cottino, Signori Cotogni and Conti. At Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, on the 3rd, *Il Barbiere*, with Signora Varesi, Signori Dorini, Del Puente, etc.; on the 5th, *Les Huguenots*, with Signore Tietjens, Varesi, Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Fancelli, Rota, M. Faure, and Herr Rokitansky; on the 6th, *Faust*, with Mde. Nilsson, Signora Trebelli-Bettini, and M. Faure; on the 8th, *Don Giovanni*, with Mesdames Tietjens, Nilsson, Signora Varesi, Herren Behrens, Rokitansky, and M. Faure; and on the 10th, *Il Barbiere*, with Signore Varesi, etc. During the same week M. Halanzier gave his patrons, at the Grand Opéra, Paris—an establishment enjoying an annual grant from Government of 800,000 francs—three performances: one of *Les Huguenots*, one of *Faust*, and one of *Jeanne d'Arc*!

**THE OLDEST PIANO IN AMERICA.** We desire to draw the attention of such of our readers as propose going to Philadelphia to an old clavichord, which will be on exhibition there among musical instruments. It is beyond a doubt the oldest instrument of that kind in existence in our country. At least we have never yet heard of one of greater age. We first noticed it in 1870, while visiting the store of our friend John Kevinski, of Lancaster, Pa. Observing at a glance the approximate age of the instrument, we made every effort to learn something definite concerning its history. The facts which we ascertained are but few. After examining old family records and papers, originally belonging to the Dickert family, and after requesting the President of the Female College at Bethlehem, Pa., to examine certain parts of the records of the institution, and furthermore, after making diligent enquiry in the town of Lancaster, we learned that the only piano (clavichord) was brought to Lancaster, Pa., in 1766. It belonged to the Dickert family. An aged person remembered that the instrument attracted considerable attention, and that many persons would gather around the window to hear its sounds. We also learned that the instrument was probably brought over by Moravians, who came with Count Zinzendorf in 1741. The old relic came into the possession of Mr. W. S. Gill, of Lancaster, and from him it passed to its present owner, Mr. John Kevinski. It is "gebunden"—that is, several tones are produced by one and the same string, it being struck and raised at different places, thereby lengthening or shortening it. As this style of making instruments was abandoned as early as 1700, that is, as clavichords were after that time so built that each key was supplied with its own string, which was then called "bundfrei," the age of the clavichord may be guessed at, without going very far astray.—*Brainard's Musical World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 22, 1876.

### Musica Peripatetica.

We do not propose to treat of dog-day music,—of organ grinders and street minstrels, who like mosquitoes haunt the ear the most when days are hottest. That sort of music we have with us always, and doubtless always shall have, and in its way it is all well enough. But our attention is now drawn to the comparatively new aspect which music, as a matter of performance and of hearing, presents in this country to-day. Music in its more pretentious forms has grown peripatetic; and the travelling propensity seems more and more to take possession of all competent musicians. Music in this follows the laws of trade, and trade has been

drawn into new ways and methods by the vastly increased facilities of travel and of transportation; the railroad system brings the seller to the buyer; the great houses in the cities, which formerly transacted their business at their own centre, now sell their goods through travelling agents, *commis voyageurs*, and drummers, who go forth taking orders over all the land. It is getting to be somewhat so with Art, especially with Music. It has already gone so far that every music-loving city and large town finds it more and more difficult to keep up a local orchestra, or even a string quartet club, with any certainty of permanence, or any fair chance of improvement. The local organization cannot compete with the travelling band, which, backed with capital, and organized for permanence, to levy contribution throughout all the land, equipped and disciplined for constant service all the year round, can by sharp management and enterprise, by means of railroads, like Moltke's flying batteries, present itself at any moment at any point of the vast field.

It is well to consider the evil and the good of this. One example will suffice for many; and we may as well look at home for it. The recent musical history of our own city is a case in point. With a reputation for culture, and a zeal for all that makes for culture, moral, intellectual or æsthetic, Boston has for many years been one of the chief musical centres of America; and has become so famous for it, that travelling singers, virtuosos, and even orchestras at last, have for years past been attracted here in swarms to gather golden honey in so fair a field. Full forty years ago we had our local orchestra—such as it was in the days of the old "Academy of Music"—and we heard the Symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Many learned to love them; others listened with respect, for they could feel the soul, the Man, behind the great Fifth Symphony, however great their ignorance of Music. This lasted for some years and formed the nucleus of an audience, to which the Musical Fund Society (composed of the musicians themselves) afterwards ministered for another period of say a dozen years, with most imperfect means, and wavering success. During the same time came the small "Germania," led by Carl Bergmann, and by frequent visits made us acquainted with a higher style of orchestral performance, while they greatly enlarged the repertoire of truly classical and noble works for us. When they disbanded, leaving good musicians with us, the good work was taken up by individual hands, an ex-Germanian, Carl Zerrahn, and carried on for several seasons longer, until about the beginning of the War of the Rebellion, when subscriptions fell off, and for the remaining period of those dark years Boston was uncheered by Symphony concerts or orchestra of any kind.

By this long and almost continuous schooling—that is, frequent hearing, a considerable audience was formed here always eager to listen to any passable performance of programmes of the highest kind of instrumental music; and their support went far toward encouraging and building up a Boston orchestra. To rally this true audience, and give it assurance that it should hear programmes worthy of its constant and unanimous support, in the best style of execution possible under the circumstances, was the task undertaken by a purely amateur and private society of gentlemen, mostly graduates of Harvard, who believed in music earnestly enough to wish and try to have it recognized among the "humanities" in all true schemes of liberal education,—the Harvard Musical Association. The "Symphony Concerts" were begun in the fall of 1865. The first point was to organize the nucleus of the best audience—"fit though few,"—and that by a guaranty subscription among its members and

the music-loving circles whom they represented. This plan was thought to have in it elements of permanence, and therefore of progress. And for six seasons, certainly, the success was remarkable, and all the signs encouraging. The attendance was enthusiastic, and from year to year increased in numbers; so much so that a considerable surplus from the receipts could be set aside as a reserved fund for making up deficiencies in any non-paying seasons which might follow, as well as for the strengthening and improving of the orchestra. This unwelcome exigency came at last; the ninth, tenth and eleventh seasons have been kept up only by large drafts on this fund; and the remainder of it may be needed to carry the concerts through another season. What has brought about the change? Not a deterioration in the orchestra, and the performance formerly hailed as excellent; for it will be agreed that the orchestra, imperfect as it must be with its limited support and short engagements, has played much better during these last years than it ever did before. Not any fault in the programmes; for these, from first to last, have always (with a very few accidental exceptions, and these only through experimental, momentary compromise with captions criticisms) been of the very highest, purest order; for that was a vital point in the plan from the beginning. What brought the change about then? Partly, no doubt, that restless love of change, the passion for novelty, the caprice of Fashion, exercising something of the same tyranny in music as in dress,—a weakness of the "modern Athens" as well as of its namesake. But chiefly it has been the influence of the new peripatetic phase in music, as exemplified in a remarkably well organized, thoroughly drilled, *unceasingly employed*, and altogether admirable and brilliant travelling orchestra, which seeks its public year in and year out over all the land, which brings with it all the new fashions in the way of modern composition, all the sensuous appeal and stimulus of modern instrumentation and intense high coloring and contrast, all that excites momentary wonder, while at the same time it applies all these means, all this perfection of technical training, to remarkably clear, well-phrased, intelligible, if not always sympathetic and inspiring readings of the classical great masters.

Now there is no denying that there is a great deal of good in all this. Every town and city in the Thomas circuit is indebted to him for much good music which it would not otherwise have heard, and even for awakening the musical perception, doubtless, in thousands. It has raised the public standard of orchestral playing, and put musicians everywhere upon their mettle. It has enlarged the repertoire,—whether for good or evil may be still a question; but at any rate it has gratified curiosity, and allowed many to judge, or get impressions, through their own ears, of new composers, new works, new schools, so much read and talked about. It is something, indeed, to minister to the small and prematurely old class of amateurs and half-professionals in every musical city, who seem to have run through everything, and who always remind us of the inveterate novel-reader, never easy till he has the last new novel in his hands.

So much for the cause; and now for the effects. Partly we have reckoned up the good effects already, and we are willing to make a liberal allowance beyond that. But there are some other effects which we can only look upon as bad. Let us hope that they are only temporary. In the first place, the travelling orchestra, composed as it is of musicians who find in it their sole employment and support the whole year round, naturally excels the local orchestra in technical precision and brilliancy of performance. The competition is too unequal.



It produces a very marked sensation, and soon begins to divide the public, none too large at best, for music of that kind, withdrawing much of the sympathy and the support on which the other was dependent for its means of growth. A large portion of the public, too, are easily run away with by the brilliant novelties and new fashions brought before it by a virtuoso orchestra, just as one virtuoso solo player after another used to run away with us. Robbed of the means, our own musicians are robbed also of the motive for improvement. They cannot give much of their time to practicing together as an orchestra, if the orchestral concerts are not well supported. Their orchestral engagements become a secondary, incidental matter with them, among other more sure and permanent, and more remunerative, albeit perhaps less artistic duties. It is a matter of dollars and cents for them, in short of bread and shelter for their families, and no one can blame them. The Society which now for eleven seasons has employed them and done its best to build up a permanent orchestra among us, worthy of the musical name, as well as the support, of Boston, labors in vain so long as the musical public, in seeking its own pleasure and in welcoming and heartily admiring the good things from abroad, forgets the duty which we owe to our own local institutions, and suffers them to languish and die out, until we realize the mortifying prospect of *Boston without an orchestra!*

The worst of it is, that it becomes more and more difficult to keep good musicians in our city. If they are not encouraged by all the orchestral employment that can be given them; if these nobler tasks are withdrawn from them; if, instead of twenty Symphony concerts, or even one every week throughout the season or the year, they cease to find support for ten only in a year, what motive have they any longer, either artistic or material, for continuing to reside with us? Every orchestra requires certain pairs of reed or other instruments (clarinets, oboes, bassoons, etc.,) for which such a city offers very little employment outside of an orchestra; to keep these with us we must keep alive our orchestra, support it generously, so that it may constantly improve and build itself up into an organization to whose performances we shall be proud to listen even with a Thomas orchestra at hand.—This is the way it works in Boston; it must be more or less the same in all our cities, hardly excepting New York, which is the great centre of musicians in this country, and which has always at hand the materials for a dozen orchestras; its noble Philharmonic Society has felt the chilling influence of the peripatetic rival.

But this is not all. If the peripatetic movement weakens and destroys our orchestra, no less is it destructive to our chances of good Chamber concerts,—the string Quartets, Quintets, etc., which did count among the choicest musical resources of a community long favored in this way. Never before has it been so hard to keep among us first-class violinists, cellists, etc. Our Mendelssohn Quintette Club long since caught the fever, and though their families reside in Boston, they as musicians scarcely can be claimed as ours. Others, of the cream of the orchestral string department, followed suit, formed Quintette Clubs likewise, and spend the chief part of the musical season in concert tours North, West and South. A new bow of promise shone out for a moment when the Listemanns returned to us, with excellent associates, having parted company with Mr. Thomas; but for our orchestra they were of no avail, having become peripatetic in their turn under the name of "Boston" Philharmonic Club.

Is our good city, then, as truly musical as it was

half a dozen or a dozen years ago? Can we call that a musical city which has not a fair established orchestra of its own, nor even any sure and ever present means of keeping up the old acquaintance with the Beethoven Quartets, Quintets, and the like? For, we take it, the first condition of a really musical capital or centre, is the possession of its own good orchestra. Piano-players, many and excellent as we can boast, cover a narrow portion of the field. Our vocal societies may do us honor; they are composed of amateurs, and we still lack musicians; nor can the great Oratorio or Cantata be produced in its true character without an orchestra, and must we always go abroad for that? For indeed we shall have to go abroad for it ere long, if the interest in our own Symphony concerts reach so low an ebb that any Orchestra as such will cease to exist among us. In short what are we, musically, or what is any city, without an orchestra? What are we musically as a people, a great Nation, at this moment celebrating its proud century of progress, if every town and city is to depend for everything orchestral on the periodical or chance visit of a travelling company, however admirable, just as we have always had to depend on speculating impresarios for Opera?

Thus there is evil as well as good done by the fine travelling orchestras. Let us hope, as we said before, that the evil will be short-lived and the good survive. But in the present strait there is another threatening element to aggravate the trouble,—namely, the general financial depression. We, for one, however, have full faith, if the friends of Music will only make a little extra sacrifice to help our own concerts to tide over the "hard times," that soon the good time will be coming when the music from within and from without may safely flourish side by side, coöperating to uphold and to inspire each other. Now the weaker claims regard.

IMPROVED BRASS INSTRUMENTS. We are no expert in brass instruments—except through our ears, like any other layman, sensitive in that organ, and that, too, often to our sore discomfort. The most that we can do toward an answer to the question contained in the following letter, is to give it to our readers, in the hope that it may so reach some Arbuckle or Gilmore, or other magnate in the realm of sounding brass, and interest him to the extent that he may give the new "patent" instruments a fair trial and render a true verdict on their merit.

Lancaster, Ohio, July 10, 1876.

MR. EDITOR: I have a set of Brass Band instruments that can be played by ordinary players in any key or degree of the Chromatic scale without changes of crooks or shanks.

It comprises a division of the octave without a hiatus, and theoretically is as complete as is the double discord of the double false fifth. It is capable of giving any music in the reach of Brass, in any key, or making any modulation known to the science. *It is the best contrivance since the invention of valves.* How can I bring it to the notice of Musicians in Brass?

I have written explanations to some of our "Professors," and have told it over to others. But to no good end. They are able to give comprehensive ears when the *Flats* are spoken of; but when the intervals of the scale in E (four sharps) are mentioned, they show the bottoms of both feet at once.

I know that my plan—patented—is worth the attention of accomplished musicians, if for no other reason than as a curiosity; and I want to make an effort to bring it before such for their entertainment if not adoption. Will Mr. John S. Dwight be kind enough to make me a suggestion?

Yours Verily,

R. H. GATES.

#### ST. MARY'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

This flourishing Institution, of twenty-one years' growth, ranks foremost among the music schools of the West.

Besides all the advantages of the Conservatory, by its proximity to the Academy the pupils have opportunity to take Drawing, Painting, Languages, or some other particular branch of study.

This year, after a strict examination of the various "grades," the Musical course closed with a concert, given in conjunction with the graduating exercises of the Academic department.

The music, both vocal and instrumental, selected from the works of the best masters, was rendered in a manner which showed at once, not only the culture, but what is rare to find even among fine performers, a thorough appreciation of the Form, and proper mode of expressing the intention of the composer.

At St. Mary's, young ladies can obtain all that is necessary to fit themselves for future teachers, or agreeable amateurs. ††

#### Music at the Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13. As we pass along through the Agricultural, the Horticultural, the Art building, the Main and Machinery buildings, and witness the products of all branches of industry and art; as we consider the immense strides that have been made in all departments, particularly in that of mechanics, so well exemplified by the giant Corlis Engine, not more however than in the minute machinery which constitutes a Waltham Watch, we feel a deep sense of mortification when exchanging opinions with our foreign exhibitors and foreign visitors that *music*, in which we have made as rapid progress perhaps as in any other one department, has not been fitly represented.

If we cannot furnish a military Band in this country, (and that question is beyond controversy) equal to those we were favored with at the World's Jubilee in Boston in 1872, from England, France and Germany; we can, and did, at the inaugural, exhibit an Orchestra equal in many particulars to any to be found in the old world, albeit they are not Americans; but what shall we say for the music performed on that occasion, and again by another organization on the great Centennial day! The women of this country, it would seem, are responsible for the order that was sent over to Richard Wagner for a Grand Centennial March, for which the enormous sum of Five thousand dollars was paid; a work of little, if any real genius; the famous "triple" so often spoken of, repeated *ad libitum*, being the only marked feature of the composition. A Centennial Cantata written by Sidney Lanier, which required several newspaper columns from the pen of the author in explanation of his motives and intentions in stringing together so many apparently unmeaning words and phrases, leaving it however in the minds of most people just about where it first found lodgment, as an illogical, incomprehensible effusion, was sent to Mr. Buck, who in his musical setting has probably succeeded as well as any one could in giving it a presentable appearance. Those were the main features of the musical exercises on the opening day.

The musical portion of the celebration on the Centennial of the day of the nation's birth was still more significant of our deficiency as a nation in the musical art, if we are to take the two occasions named as evidences of our progress (?). Mr. Gilmore was entrusted with the music for that occasion, and, not to be outdone by Mr. Thomas in procuring the Wagner March, he applied to his friend Don Pedro, who in turn commanded his chief musician, (have forgotten his name), to write a March for that occasion. We believe it was furnished, and played, but have never heard anything more about it.

Now in the face of all this abortion in the way of Centennial music, is it not humiliating, when it is known that we have at least one musician of note in this country, who could have furnished something



creditable if requested. Mr. Paine has earned the proud distinction of being known and acknowledged as a composer of decided merit; and it is not creditable to us as a people to bring such compositions from abroad, at great cost, when it is believed that better could have been supplied at home.

Three of the six months of the Exhibition have already passed. Is it too late to have one grand Choral and Orchestral demonstration in connexion with either the Rosevelt, or the Hook organ, in the Main building, on some day before the closing of the Exhibition?

We ask the Commissioners to consider this, and let some of the best known, oldest, and most efficient societies of the country be invited to perform an Oratorio, and let Mr. Paine's Symphony be given, if the time may be considered too short to write a work particularly adapted to a closing of the great exposition. The performance of an Oratorio by American singers would be a test of musical progress, as well as the composition of a work by an American writer.

Such a gathering as is here hinted at, and such performances as would be sure to follow, would draw thousands inside the gates, and would go far towards wiping out the stigma which now rests upon us as a people boastful of musical culture and appreciation, yet at this most important time, not represented. L. B. B.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13. Last Sunday evening the police closed the Offenbach Garden at Broad and Cherry Streets, arresting Henry R. Schreicht, one of the proprietors, and two of his employees. The affidavit was sworn out on complaint of the pastors and members of Dr. Feiss's Lutheran Church at Broad and Arch streets, and of Dr. Boardman's Baptist on the opposite corner; the pastor and members of Dr. Hatfield's Methodist church, on the South-east corner, were also subpoenaed for the prosecution. The affidavit set forth that the proprietors of the Garden kept and maintained a nuisance by selling liquor and holding concerts on Sunday nights. The defendants were taken before Magistrate Carpenter for a hearing, but owing to the absence of important witnesses the hearing was postponed. The churches are determined to abate what they pronounce a "flagrant desecration of the Lord's Holy day." Dr. Boardman says that the concerts on Sunday night sadly interfere with the religious services of his congregation, and the neighboring clergymen reiterate the assertion. The garden is likely to remain closed, as the musicians have not been paid since July 1, and they have been doing a very poor business.

The Thomas Concerts continue growing in popular favor and, notwithstanding the intense heat, the beautiful gardens are crowded nightly; but very few Philadelphians are seen in the audiences. I do not think they realize how much they are losing; for an opportunity like the present for hearing so much good music performed by one of the finest orchestras in the world, at such a trifling expense, will probably not occur in their city soon again. But it is encouraging to Mr. Thomas that the visitors patronize him so liberally.

#### PIANO-FORTE RECITALS.

MR. J. N. PATTISON gave his fiftieth recital at Weber's piano space, in Main building, yesterday with the following programme:

1. Minuetto and Scherzo from Sonata, op. 31. Beethoven
2. (a) Fugue in E minor. . . . .Pattison
3. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 12. . . . .Liszt

The Minuetto and Scherzo and the Fugue were magnificently rendered. Mr. Pattison has a fine technique, great power, extreme delicacy, intelligence and conception of a high order; he has become quite popular here. The Rhapsodie unfortunately I did not hear.

MR. LEVASSOR gave his twenty-fifth recital yesterday, at the space of Decker Bros.

1. Ballade in A flat. . . . .Chopin
2. Allegro, Faschingschwank. . . . .Schumann
3. Pilgrim Birds. . . . .Satter
4. Spinning Song, Wagner, arr. by. . . . .Liszt

Mr. Levassor has also become very popular here, his playing is always intelligent and enjoyable.

MR. BOSCOVITZ continues to give recitals daily in Machinery Hall. His programmes certainly are the best of any of the pianists performing in the Exposition. No

trashy compositions ever appear on them. His programme yesterday was:

1. Marche Symphonique [new]. . . . .Boriel
2. To the Forest [new]. . . . .Stephen Heller
3. Wälses Rauschen, Etude [new]. . . . .Liszt
4. Hungarian Dances. . . . .Brahms

Mr. Boscovitz plays very intelligently and artistically, but lacks power, is especially weak in his right hand.

MR. GETTINGS, from Pittsburgh, I believe played during the past week at Messrs. Decker Bros.' stand, several solos, also some duets with Mr. Levassor. He is a fine pianist and Pittsburgh may be proud of him.

The only pianist who has given recitals in the city is Miss JULIA RIVE. Although still suffering from weakness, she has given three recitals. I append programmes in the order in which she gave them:

- Bach—  
Sarabande et Passepied.  
Beethoven—  
[a] Sonata Characteristique, in E flat, op. 81.  
Les Adieux—L'Absence—Le Retour.  
[b] Andante, from the 5th Symphony, [arranged by Liszt].  
Weber—  
[a] Rondo Brillante, op. 62.  
[b] Movement Perpetual.  
Schumann—  
[a] Blumenstück, op. 19.  
[b] Genoveva-Fantasia.  
Chopin—  
Sonata in B flat Minor, op. 35.  
Rubinstein—  
[a] Adagio—Scherzo—Marche Funerbre—Finale.  
[b] Fourth Barcarole.  
[c] Valse Allemande.  
Raff—  
Grand Suite, op. 91.  
Fantasia e Fuga—Gloria con variazioni—Cavatina—Marcia  
Liszt—  
[a] At the Lake.  
[b] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.

#### II.

- Handel—  
Chaconne.  
Mozart—  
Minnette et Gigue.  
Beethoven—  
Sonata Appassionata in F minor, op. 57.  
Allegro assai—Andante con variazioni—Allegro ma non troppo e Presto.  
Schumann—  
Etude Symphoniques, op. 13. [Theme and Variations].  
Schubert—  
[a] Ave Maria.  
[b] Valse Caprice. } Arranged by Liszt.  
Mendelssohn—  
[a] Three Canzonets, from op. 33.  
[b] Rondo Brillante in E flat, op. 29.  
Chopin—  
Sonata, op. 58.  
Allegro—Scherzo—Largo—Presto.  
Liszt—  
[a] Venezia e Napoli. [Gondoliera e Tarantella].  
[b] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.

#### III.

- Bach—  
Organ Prelude and Grand Fugue in G minor (arranged by Liszt).  
Beethoven—  
Sonata, op. 111, in C Minor.  
Maestoso—Allegro con brio ed appassionata—Adagio—Arietta con variazione.  
Schumann—  
Kreisleriana, op. 16. [Eight Fantasies].  
Mendelssohn—  
Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream [arranged by Liszt].  
Schubert—  
Erl King [arranged by Liszt].  
Chopin—  
[a] Polish Song [arranged by Liszt].  
[b] Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2.  
[c] Valse Brillante, op. 42.  
Strauss—  
Waltz, op. 167—Man lebt nur einmal—[arranged by Taussig].  
Liszt—  
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6.

The above programmes were given entirely from memory, and in the most brilliant and masterly style, with but two omissions from the entire programmes. Her repertoire is astonishing; her memory more so. She plays entirely without notes, seldom makes a slip or strikes a wrong note. Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Raff and Liszt, seem alike familiar to her. Her beautiful, magnetic touch, clear and flexible *technique*; the high intelligence and artistic style and finish of her performance; her thorough training from such masters as Mills, Bruchner, Blassman, Reinecke and Liszt; her great power and endurance, give her what few—very few—artists are possessed of. Miss Rive certainly occupies the high position of America's first pianist, and to her credit be it said that her astonishing success with the public, and the immense amount of praise from the press, has not made her in the least vain. She is a very modest, unassuming young lady, and has a bright future in store. C. H.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Roll Along! Campaign Song. With fine Lithograph title page. G. 2. b to C. 40  
"Roll along! Roll along! Shout the campaign battle song."

A bright campaign ballad for the Republicans. The title contains a view of an "honest load of Hayes," Wheel-er-ing along toward Washington.

Heart for Heart. G. 3. d to F. Danks. 30  
"It only asks a home, a place To act a truthful part."

A pleasing ballad that will be very popular.

Bells, oh! Changing Bells. Eb. 3. d to F. Smart. 40

"A joyous wedding noon Now breaks upon my ear."

The accompaniment keeps up the idea of the merry chimes, and the song is one of the best of the kind.

The Heart. (Il cuore). Vocal Duet. D. 5. to a. Hackensollner. 40

"Diletti il core sia certa macchina."

"People say the heart is a mere machine for beating."

Lively Italian-English duet. Just the one to choose for exhibition singing.

Sweet, sweeter, sweetest. Waltz Song. Bb. 4. F to a. C. H. Smith. 30

"Sweet thy beauty, Sweeter thy love, Sweetest thy spirit."

Not rapid and brilliant, but rather a smooth waltz movement.

Only remembered by what I have done. Eb. 3. E to 3. Bentley. 40

Mr. Bentley is a famous "Sabbath School" man and really a singer. The song is creditable to his taste and a remarkably pleasant portrait of the composer appears on the title.

#### Instrumental.

Song of Spring. Love Song. A. 3. Jungmann. 35

Full of sweetness, as Jungmann's music must be.

Second Rhapsodie Hongroise. 4 hands. 6. Liszt. 1.50

Is divided pretty equally between 3 keys. Has the Hungarian wildness of construction, and will be one of the most brilliant for a show piece.

La Boulangerie a des Ecus. Lanciers. 3. Aronson. 40

Nice arrangement from the opera indicated.

Sounds of Peace. March. (Friedensklänge). G. 3. Carl Faust. 30

Very cheerful and brilliant quick march.

Press Club March. C and F. 3. Malary. 35

A bright and powerful march, with which the press club should be well satisfied.

Hattie Galop. Eb. 3. Wiegand. 40

Decidedly above the standard of ordinary galops, which are pretty and "nettle." But this is a piece requiring some practice.

Rose of Castile. Piano Arrangements by J. S. Knight.

There are four arrangements: A "Potpourri" (75 cts); a "March" (30 cts); a "Waltz" (30 cts), and "Galop" (35 cts); all of able and brilliant workmanship.

Beauties of "Amy Cassonet." 3. Tryon. 75

Here are half a dozen sets of agreeable songs, neatly combined into a pleasing piano piece.

Cradle Song. (Berceuse). 4 hands. G. 2. Nichol. 35

Has an easy, swaying, rocking motion that will please. A quiet and pretty duet.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

